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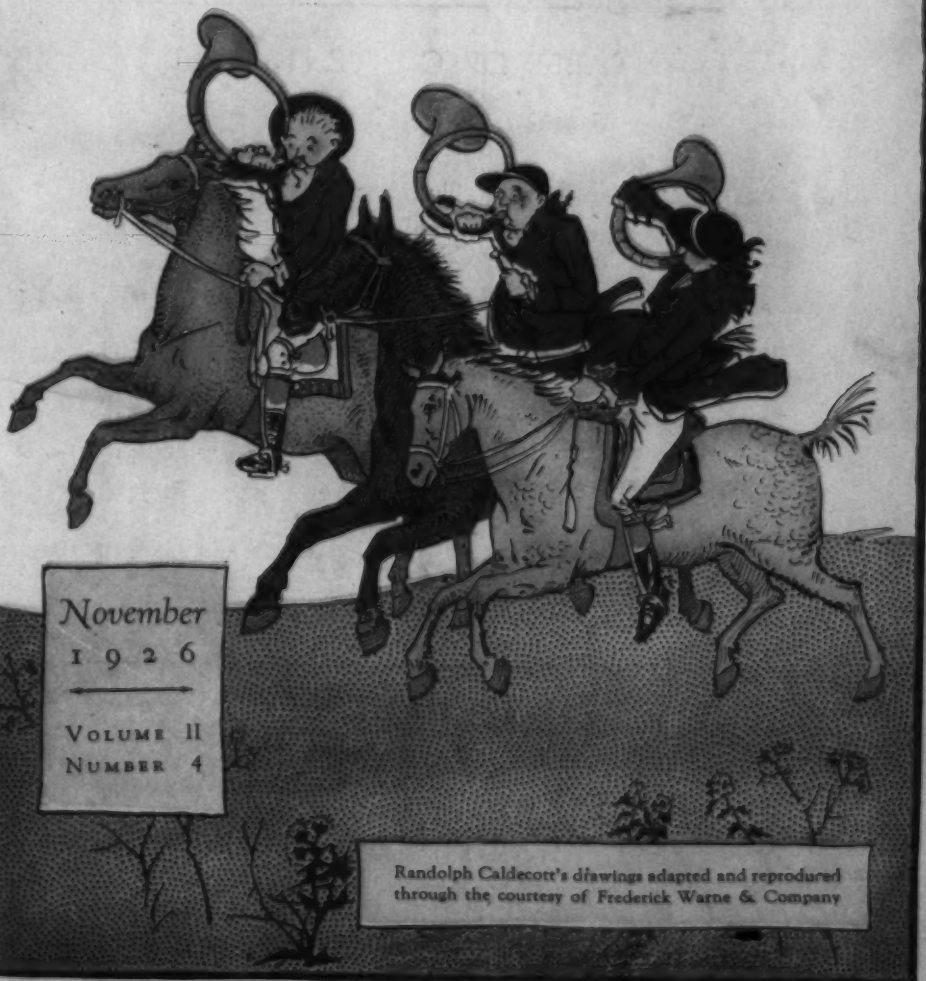

November
1926

VOLUME II
NUMBER 4

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume II NOVEMBER, 1926 *Number 4*

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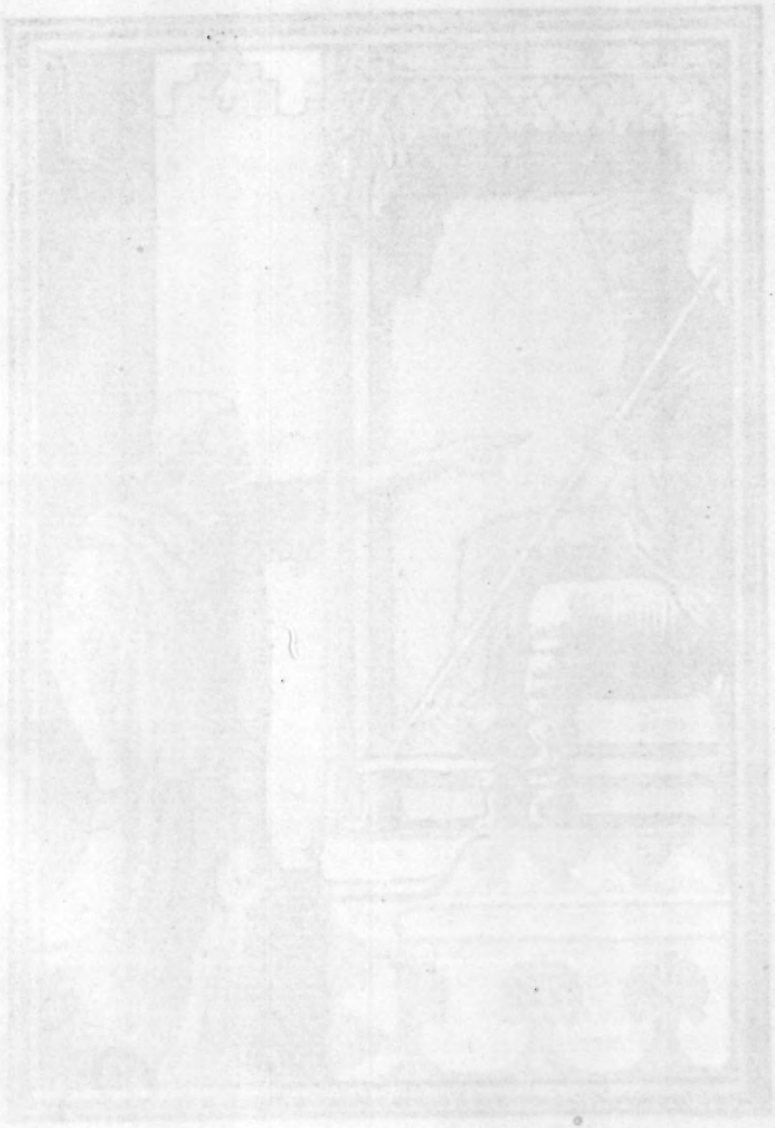
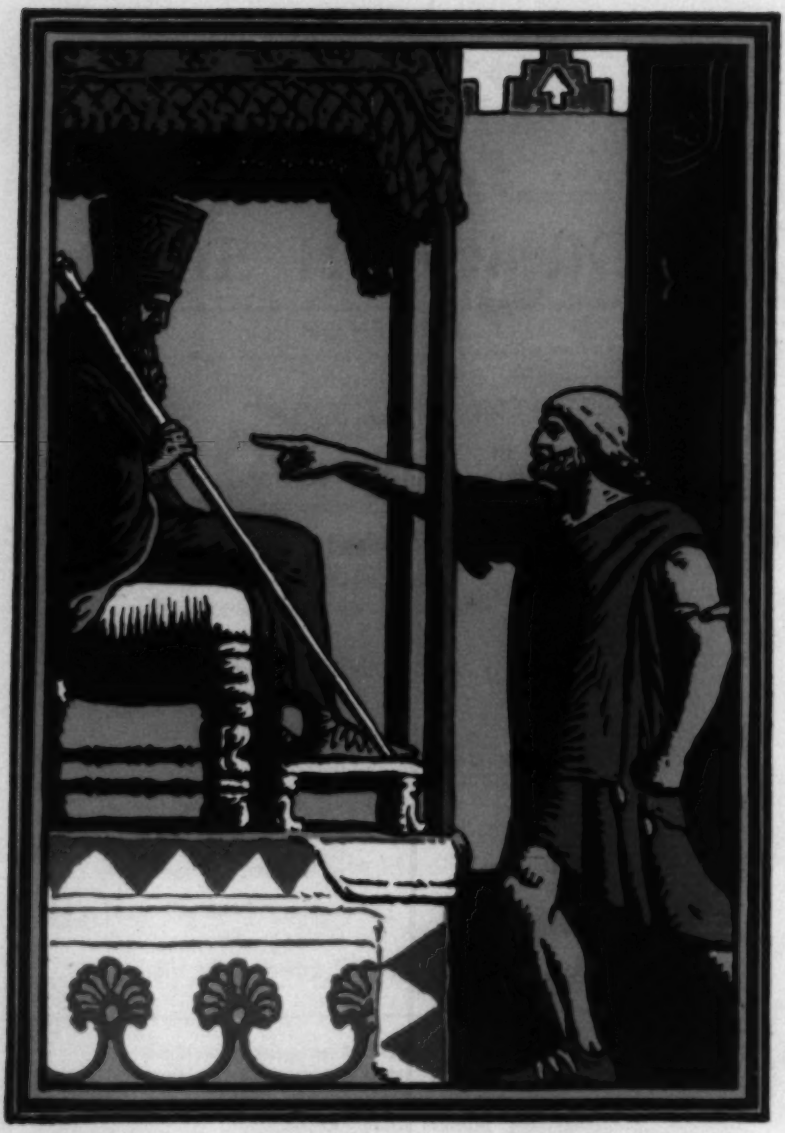




From the EPIC OF KINGS: HERO TALES OF ANCIENT PERSIA. Retold from Firdusi's Shah-Nameh, by Helen Zimmern. Rediscovered and illustrated by Wilfred Jones. Courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

THE HORN BOOK

Volume II NOVEMBER, 1926 *Number 4*

KINGS AND A NUMBER OF THINGS

By William Avery Barras
Educational Director of Reading
The Public Library, Detroit, Michigan

THE longer I live in this old world the more certain I am that Robert Louis Stevenson was right when he said:

> "The world is so full of a number of things,
> I think we should all be as happy as kings."

When I look up into the heavens, what wonders I see! When I look at the little creatures flitting about over the ground and flying through the air, what marvels I behold! And what a piece of work man is! Then, in the face of it all, *I*, a merest of mere fractions of all the number of people on earth—*I*, almost nothing in comparison with the millions of people who are now living—*I* am the monarch of all I survey. No rich man can buy the sunshine away from me. It is mine—and yours. No one can keep the gentle rain from falling upon me. It is for *me*—and you. No one can "get a corner on" flowers and buy up the market. Dame Nature persists in making them grow for *me*—and you. Yes, I am the monarch of all I survey; and, if my mind is rightly attuned to the wonders of existence, my mind to me a kingdom is, even though all the outside world be shut out from me. What a piece of work man is! And how long he has lived and how slowly he has developed to his present state! What mistakes he has made, and what triumphs over error he has achieved! Certainly no one really lives today who does not know how man came to be what he is and what infinite possibilities time seems to be opening up to him. Surely you and I do not ***know*** our own good fortune, nor do we appreciate our own opportunities and our great responsibilities if we do not know a bit about the past from which we have descended and whose best traditions

we are to perpetuate. Therefore every person—especially every young person—should, as early as possible in his life, familiarize himself with that illimitable and eventful past; and I know of no better means of getting the broad, mountain-top view of it all than by reading such books as Hendrik Willem Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind." Perhaps most readers will want to follow up the reading of that book with more profound treatment of world history. I hope so. But "The Story of Mankind" affords the kind of first sight that we get when we reach the top of a high mountain. We get a wonderful idea of expanse, even though we cannot see each bit of the landscape in its minuteness. We may even see some bits of the landscape wrongly because of our distance from them. Our impressions must be corrected later when we go down from the mountain top into the valley, where we can see not far but closely. Therefore, later, we shall read books that will show us with microscopic exactness what we have seen from the mountain with telescopic breadth.

"The Story of Mankind" by Hendrik Van Loon

Then what a marvelous creation is the mind of man! Just think how millions of people have been affected by what has come from the mind of one man. Great historical movements, great adventures, great discoveries, great inventions—in fact, every great accomplishment ever attained by man has grown from a seed of thought in one fertile mind. The human mind is the most wonderful piece of machinery in the world. We don't understand it altogether and we cannot comprehend its power. Really it *is not* machinery; it is spirit. That is why it is so wonderful. Now the workings of the human mind are not all among great inventions and discoveries. Many of them have been made permanent in the form of great painting, great sculpture, great music, and great literature. Many of the best things that man has ever done have been done in the field of literature—the written record of the best that man has thought. Surely no one who is unfamiliar with the broad field of the world's great literature is in any fair way of coming to appreciate thoroughly the world in which he lives. When one considers what influences great books have been in the past, he realizes that literature is one of the most vital of man's artistic pursuits. One of the best ways in which to become intimate with the greatest thoughts that man has had

is to climb to another mountain top and catch another broad view from another side. This time our telescope will be John Macy's "Story of the World's Literature." That book will lead us to want to lay down the telescope and go down into the valley every time we see a beautiful clump of trees or a winding stream. Mr. Macy is a charming guide, and his telescope is clear.

"Story of the World's Literature" by John Macy

No one need be told—and no one dares dispute—that the Bible forms one of the greatest literary movements in the world. It is great because it has been of both tremendous interest and comfort to millions of people. But centuries of theological controversy have tended to obscure its intrinsic worth and to relegate it to the realm of debate, whereas it belongs in the forefront of ethical writing. So now and then we need a kind of cloud-dispeller to come along and drive the clouds of argumentation away and to reveal to us the undimmed splendor of the work itself. In other words—to change the figure—we need some one to point out to us the humanness of the Bible. One of the many men who have done that task well is Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, in his book "Human Nature in the Bible." For those who know the Bible so well that familiarity has bred indifference, and for those who have not studied the Bible because they have been afraid of not becoming interested, Professor Phelps's book is admirable. No one need worry about wasting time if he reads that book.

"Human Nature in the Bible" by William Lyon Phelps

I wish that in this general survey of the world of books we might pause to consider some of the other and later pieces of man's literary handiwork. Some of the great epics, orations, essays, plays, and novels would fit in well with our present study; but in order to afford ourselves time to look from our mountain tops in some other directions, we shall have to leave a pleasant ramble through the byways of literature for another day. But before we leave entirely the world of literature, let us rest a while in one of the delightful niches in the mountain side so that we may look through the magic casements of poetry, the highest literary art. The music of language our ears must hear, and our musicians are the poets. I should like to point out to you hundreds of poems with which all who lay claim to intimacy with life should know, but I must

"Through Magic Casements" by Carhart and McGhee

confine myself to a few selections—yet the largest number of good selections that I have yet found in a book of ordinary size. I refer to "Magic Casements," edited by Carhart and McGhee. Here are most of the short poems that most lovers of poetry want to remember. Keep "Magic Casements" on your desk to pick up during the moments when the humdrum deadens you. Keep it on your library table to read when prose is heavy. Keep it by your bedside so that it is handy when you wake up with a desire to read something fine with which to begin the day. "Magic Casements" is a book that is never really read through, because real poetry is something that lives on and on after it is read with the eye.

Oh! How space is narrowing! I want to turn the telescope in several other directions, but the hosts of night are coming on and we shall soon have to go down from our mountain top. Let us hurry, though, and take another look at man's handiwork in the direction of science. You know, God seems to have made us with almost infinite capacity. He has given man the power to improve upon Nature, as well as to take advantage of Nature's actual gifts. For instance, in chemistry see how man has taken Nature and forced her to yield more than our ancestors thought she possessed. "Creative Chemistry," by Edwin E. Slosson, will give you an idea of the tremendous lengths to which man has gone in his development and use of natural resources. Surely no boy or girl, man or woman, interested in these numbers of things in the world, wants to miss the chance to learn something about science, especially chemistry. I have never taken a course in chemistry, but I most certainly enjoyed "Creative Chemistry"—in spite of the additional fact that I am not inclined toward things scientific. Again, what a piece of work man is—man, who has made Nature out-nature herself!

"Creative Chemistry" by Edwin E. Slosson

Then, too, in the field of science is the study of the little creatures—the insects and other creeping things in which we often can see no good. I wish that we might go together through all the books of dear old J. Henri Fabre, the French lover of wasps and flies and spiders and bees and caterpillars. That good old entomologist has written enticingly interesting accounts of God's little creatures, but he has not sought to take his readers into the laboratory, where the microscope reveals

how bees were "put together" and how their bodies behave. He takes us out where the bees live and directs us to the ways of bees in Bee-dom and the ways of spiders in Spider-land. A newly-landed Chinese does not behave as though he were at home in America, and some foreigners never do! If we wish to know the Chinese as he is, must we not see him in his native land? Why not so with spiders? No, spiders are not so bad after all. They are ugly on the living-room carpet or on the dining-room table, or perhaps on the bed pillow. But in Spider-land they are wonderfully interesting. Pause long enough to read J. Henri Fabre's "The Life of the Spider." And then to get closer to some of God's larger creatures, read Archibald Rutledge's "Plantation Game Trails." And don't forget microbes. They are great! Talk about hunting expeditions! Roosevelt hunted lions and tigers, but he did not get any greater thrills in his way than did the early microbe hunters, whose services with the microscope have done so much for mankind. Read Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters," and see that even harmful microbes have caused more things than death; they have afforded some of the greatest hunting expeditions man has ever experienced.

"The Life of the Spider" by J. Henri Fabre

"Plantation Game Trails" by Archibald Rutledge

"Microbe Hunters" by Paul de Kruif

Now let us return to man himself. We have marveled several times in this paper with regard to the fact that man is an astounding piece of work. If the insects and even the microbes are interesting, what about man's own larger experiences? There are thousands of books that are worth reading that have to do with man's individual experiences, and the three that I am going to mention would not all be selected, I warrant, by any other person in the world. I am not selecting these three because they are the best. They are surely very good—among the best—but I am selecting them because they are of varied types. Now we all love children, whether we admit it or not, and we all love men who love children. We don't all know men who have written delightful letters to children, though. Therefore I urge you to make the acquaintance of such a man in the book, "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children." No grown-up of any position in society ought to have to admit that he has not read that book. Don't be one of the plebeians who belong to that class.

"Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his Children"

Akin to the spirit of Theodore Roosevelt is the spirit of

many an Americanized citizen. Here again is a whole hill-full of names: Jacob A. Riis, Edward Bok, and Mary Antin, as well as the American Indian, Charles Eastman, and the Asiatic Indian, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, and numerous others. But high on the hilltop of this part of our landscape stands Michael Pupin, who tells his story in "From Immigrant to Inventor." All Americans need the acquaintance of Pupin and Bok and Riis. Let us spend a few hours with "From Immigrant to Inventor," and see from another angle what man *can* make of man, regardless of early environment—or because of it.

"From Immigrant to Inventor" by Michael Pupin

Now the night is falling, but before we reach the foot of our mountain of vision, let us look at a few human experiences of a rather unique type. Let us see some of the world's great treasures with the eye of a carefree romanticist. Richard Halliburton toured the world with very little money and a light heart, and he saw many interesting places and did many daring things. His experiences are not such as you and I have had, but they are intensely appealing human experiences, and as such they are much worth enjoying. These experiences have been assembled for us in Mr. Halliburton's book, "The Royal Road to Romance," which I know you will like. You will feel the air of the Matterhorn and the breezes of Gibraltar. You will be enthralled by the beauty of the Taj Mahal and appalled by the mud of the Nile. You will be whisked about until you are out of breath, and you will finally reach home tired, but happy. Here is man in one of his "antic" moods, but in his antics he shows genuine appreciation for the beauties of the earth. "The Royal Road to Romance" is a fitting close to our mountain-climbing and far-visioning day. The night has at last come, and we are at the end of the trail—down in the valley of vision. We are tired, but happy—happy because of the good days ahead when we shall visit each one of the bits of landscape that we have seen from afar.

"The Royal Road to Romance" by Richard Halliburton

We are the monarchs of all we survey, and certainly we *are* as happy as kings because the world is so full of a number of things—and people.

FRANCIS D. BEDFORD

English Illustrator

JUST as the art of printing has advanced in links of a chain now strong, now weak, from nature, the first printer, so the art of illustration also advances in link-like sequence, and the artist of today preserves much of the artist of yesterday. Randolph Caldecott's art has not ceased with his death but goes forward in the work of Leslie Brooke. Francis Bedford continues to express the mystical originality of Blake and the picturesque quaintness and charm of Hugh Thomson and Kate Greenaway. Underneath all the beauty and delicacy of his drawings lies a certain rare strength and precision of line and great executive power, which will make him sometime as well known and widely admired as his predecessors.

Pencil Drawing for "The Magic Fishbone"

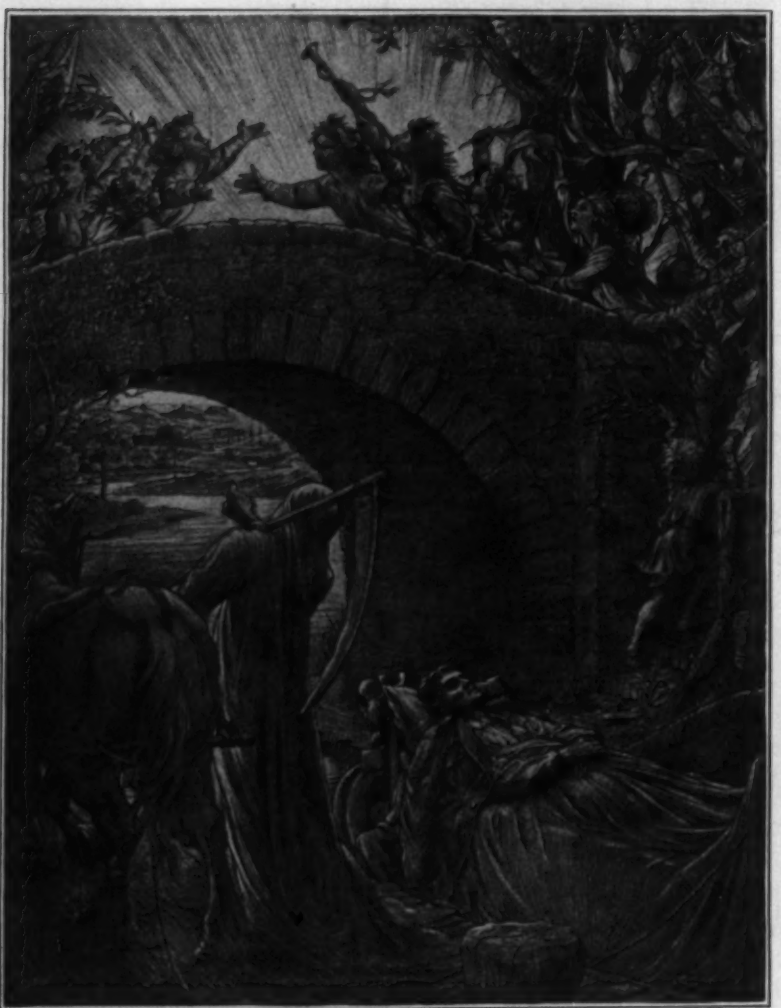
In the summer of 1925, we asked a friend, Lelia Wittler of Knoedler's Gallery, to visit Mr. Bedford when she was in England and persuade him to send us an exhibit of his drawings. The drawings came and were shown last December with a number of sales resulting. The Bookshop has begged to be allowed to show them again during December, 1926. A last opportunity is thus given for people who love fine work to become the owners of drawings by a famous English illustrator.

Miss Wittler's account of her meeting with Mr. Bedford follows.

"One of my pleasantest personal encounters on my visit to England last summer was with Mr. Bedford. He had a studio in the outskirts of London and when I telephoned to make an appointment to see his work a rather old-sounding timid voice answered. He insisted it would inconvenience me too much to make the trip to his studio and that he could take them to another artist's studio in a more central location. I agreed,

though I knew it put him to a good deal of trouble, but I did not know how much.

"When I arrived at the studio I found series after series of drawings and paintings of his book illustrations. He arranged them all with utmost precision and care. His whole attitude was of tenderness toward them but there was no affectation, no mock reverence. I felt him to be a person of great moral strength and courage with a shy, almost fearful exterior. I instinctively felt that he should be shielded from the world. He said so



"Dawn," by Francis D. Bedford.

little and his manner said so much and I could almost feel that there had been great struggles which had left their marks but had not beaten the man."

After trying vainly to discover material about Francis Bedford, we asked him to send us the information himself, and we print below what we believe to be the only article available in print about him and his work.

"I was born in 1864 and always showed a keen delight, as most children do, in illustrated books. My favourites had pictures by Cruikshank, A. K. Browne (Phiz), Tenniel, C. Keen, J. Leech and 'Dicky' Doyle. My grandfather was an architect and I think I must have inherited my love of architecture from him and so at the age of eighteen, my father (Edwin Bedford, a lawyer) suggested my studying this and I entered the Architectural School at the Royal College of Art, S. Kensington. After a year there I became a pupil of Sir Arthur Blomfield, A. R. A., the ecclesiastical architect. I was with him four years as pupil and assistant and during that time studied at the Royal Academy Architectural School. On setting up in practice for myself I employed the intervals between small jobs and big Competition designs, with architectural illustration and decorative painting. I travelled in France, Italy and Sicily, and, on my return, opportunity gradually led me to devote myself mainly to illustration and painting.

Pencil Drawing for "The Magic Fishbone"

"I have never regretted the time spent with Sir Arthur Blomfield whose enthusiasm for mediaeval work and whose practice brought his pupils in touch with the finest examples of old work in architecture and the arts allied to it. I hold that the architectural training is the best foundation to build upon, and that pictures and sculpture and all the arts and crafts are greater from such training.

"The books that I have illustrated from time to time include:

The Book of Shops
The Four and Twenty Toilers } E. V. Lucas
Another Book of Verses for Children and other books for children either written or selected by E. V. Lucas
The Vicar of Wakefield. Published by Dent
Henry Esmond. Published by Dent

Peter and Wendy, by J. M. Barrie. Published by Hodder & Stoughton. Scribner, New York

The Magic Fishbone, by Dickens. Published by Frederick Warne

Billy Barnicoat, by Greville MacDonald. Published by Allen & Unwin. Dutton, New York

A Christmas Carol, by Dickens. Published by Macmillan, New York

At the Back of the North Wind, by G. MacDonald. Published by Macmillan, New York

The Princess and the Goblin, by G. MacDonald. Published by Macmillan, New York

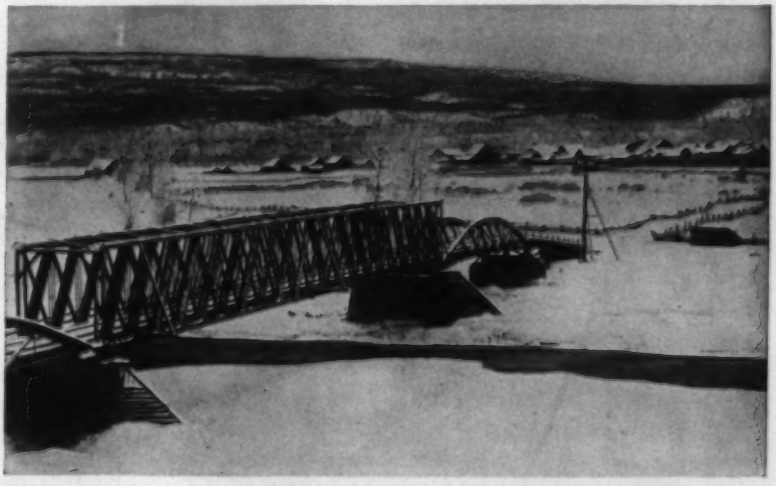
"An artist is often asked what artists have influenced him. My answer to that question would be to tell of my admiration for the work of Durer, Holbein, William Blake, Millais, Pinwell, Houghton and others working in that fine period, the eighteen sixties; also Richter, Boutet de Monvel. I should like too to mention some who are at work now, and proving that the art of book illustration is not dead as some would have us believe. Nevertheless it will do neither the artists any harm, nor the publishers, to dwell upon the wonderful examples of illustration done during that period I have mentioned. When I am not doing books, I am painting pictures and sometimes getting back to architecture, and I lately designed the War Memorial which stands in the centre of the village of Northwood, Middlesex, where I lived ten years. I cannot end without mentioning my wife, Helen Bedford, the artist, who has helped me so much. She is the daughter of the late Hugh Carter, R. I., the painter, who married Maria Bottomley, the daughter of the animal painter, I. W. B. We have four daughters, two of whom are artists and as keen on Art as we are and teaching us afresh."

(The Bookshop will be glad to supply a list of Bedford Drawings to be shown in December and prices on request)

IMPRESSIONS FROM MY CHILDHOOD

By Constance Lindsay Skinner

WHEN the Editor of the Horn Book asked for "something about your own childhood," she did not know that she was asking for a disconnected story, one that would be written with a goodly sprinkle of dots and dashes. Yet this is inevitable in trying to recall on paper a life in which one day was so like another, and thrilling events came seldom. Humanity was placid about the Hudson Bay Company's fur trading post, of which my father was Factor. And it was scarce—a few Whites, a few Indians, a few Chinese—all of them gentle and well-meaning and dependable (if one did not expect too much) so long as they were not annoyed. They understood one another well enough not to start any trouble. It was a placid frontier.



Bridge on the stage road over a small tributary. The Hudson Bay Company's stock farm. Springtime.

The group of log buildings owned by the Hudson Bay Company, and the tiny settlement which had gathered about them, lay between a stage road and a wild river. Down the river, in the spring, came the pirogues and canoes, bringing

Indian trappers and the pelts they had gathered in the wilderness beyond. A stage passed weekly to a point some sixty miles north, where a "town" dwindled, and yet lingered, from the old

Constance Lindsay Skinner

days of its great glory as one of the richest gold diggings in the world. Some five hundred miles to the south the "down stage" connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway.

We were thus somewhat isolated from the great world; but we were not lonely, because of our good friends about us, and

the weekly stage (weekly except sometimes in the thick of winter), which brought mails and the London papers, to which my father subscribed. To be sure, the papers were months old when they reached us; governments had arisen and fallen, wars been fought and the inevitable peace treaties signed, when we received our first news of them. But what of that? They made reading matter for us that year, and next year, for visiting traders from posts more northerly, where no stage passed; and we were saved from the error of taking the commotions of the "civilized" world too seriously! Nature was vast, ruggedly beautiful, and calmly powerful about us; our lives within it were simple and placid: we were saved from much.

The Indians of Northern British Columbia had known my father since his boyhood. They called him by a name which meant "the White Man who does not lie." For me, he is the outstanding character in that scene, and in all my life since; his death seventeen years ago has not changed that. He remains my measure of a man. From him I learned the simple lore a wise forest dweller knows, about earth, wild animals, and Indians; and my æsthetic passion for the wild—a passion distinct from the natural love of one's home spot—flamed from his. He was my chief, almost my sole, companion during my

The Hudson Bay Company's Store.
The Stage draws up.

most impressionable years, for my mother was an invalid much of that time.

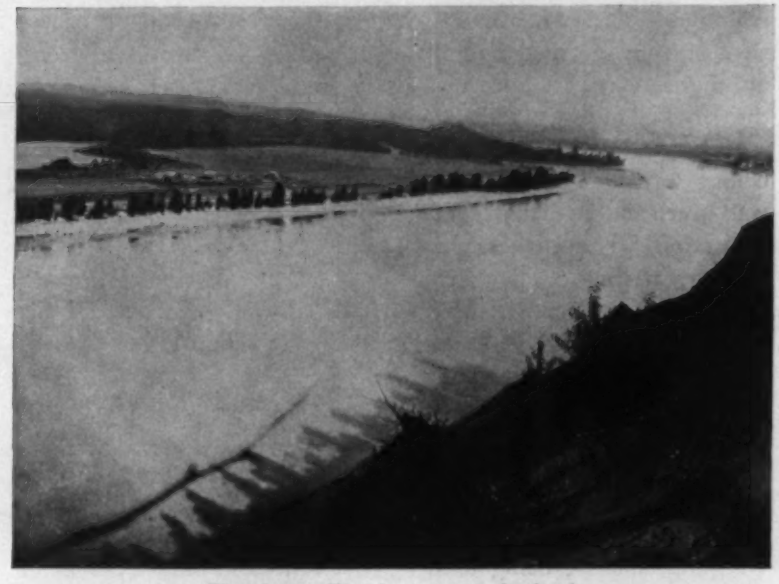
The house was separated from the "store" by a fair-sized garden. Its furniture had been made on the spot. Between them, my parents designed it; my father did the carpentering and my mother upholstered it. Mattresses, pillows, and cushions were stuffed with wild goose and duck feathers. Cretonnes, bright calicoes, and flannels made the coverings. The staves of heavy casks were used for rockers. The log walls, with mud plastering between the round logs, were more or less covered by hangings such as bear, lynx or wolverine skins, caribou heads, pieces of Indian work, and baskets; and screens stood about here and there, made of heavy crimson muslin and ornamented with Christmas cards and the colored pictures from the Christmas issues of various English magazines.

My mother taught me to read and write—it was only later that a government school was opened. At seven I wrote my first story, which was merely an imitation of Grimm's fairy tales. In order to have a public school, it was necessary to enroll eighteen pupils. They were collected in due course, and a young woman of twenty-four arrived to teach them. I was the only pure white child of school years, and there were only a few children of my age or thereabouts of mixed blood. The rest of the pupils were adults—white men who had never had a chance to learn the three R's, Chinese, Indians, and half-breeds. This week-day school, and the Sunday school conducted by my mother, with the same pupils, were in my thoughts when I wrote the frontier school scene in "Becky Landers, Frontier Warrior."

I have said my life was placid, suggesting that the thrills were occasional. I had one, however, during recess one summer day—the thrill that flatters woman most even at the age of seven. In dashing after a ball, an Indian thrust me out of his way so roughly that I fell. I got up in time to see a Malay boy of about fifteen—his blouse and sandals flapping, pigtail flying, his face black with rage—pull a big knife out of his sleeve and charge upon the Indian, who ran in circles round the playground on the river bank trying to dodge till he could get to the road. I raced after Ah Sing and grabbed his arm, and reduced him to a state of stupefaction by forbidding him

to kill the Indian. Then I marched him into the store so that my father could talk to him. After he had learned that knives must not be worn to school, he received a present for his chivalrous intentions towards me.

Then there are such minor thrills as finding that a black bear has preëmpted one's favorite berry patch. She is in the midst of the wild raspberry canes and one comes close before seeing her. She stops picking and returns glance for glance.



The river. The fur post on its bank.

One retreats slowly and with perfect calm outwardly, though with tremor at the heart, as one can't be quite sure what is in her mind while she surveys the intruder's back. . . . The sight of a lynx, beautiful in his long tawny, winter coat, coming down the hill towards my father and me. I hardly dare breathe lest his quick ears catch the sound and he whisk away before I have looked at him nearly enough. He is within twenty feet of us when he sees us, and I get one full vision of his yellow eyes, before he leaps to safety among the snow-covered pines . . . the detonation on a night when the moon is full and the river ice begins to crack . . . dressing and running out to the

bank to watch the ice smashing and piling and tumbling. It is a gorgeous spectacle every spring; but never so much so as when the moonlight touches it with mystery . . . the sound of men's voices in chorus from up the river; the fleet of fur boats sweeping round the bend; packs of pungent-smelling furs being carried into the store; scores of Indians in bright blankets stalking about; a tent town rising on the bank; the smell of cook fires; Indian women giving me little presents of beaded moccasins, or a swan's foot made into a pouch, with bead trimmings. . . . An anxious father discovers me about sunset sitting in a red-skinned family circle eating flat bread just baked on the stones . . . and always, through every day and scene, the rhythm of the swift, beautiful, and perilous river.

There Nature was mighty and all-pervading; and human beings were too few to exert a rival influence. There my mind was given its particular bent and my temperament its individual coloration. The impressions of that scene have gone inevitably into my writing. They give the "atmosphere" to my histories of the various North American frontiers, as well as to my historical fiction, such as "Silent Scot" and "The White Leader," written for boys, and my girls' book, "Becky Landers." They are the inspiration of the rhythms as well as of the subject matter of my poems, "Songs of the Coast Dwellers," and of my novel, "The Search Relentless," published in London last year. Motion pictures have been made from my Yale University Press histories, "Pioneers of the Old Southwest" and "Adventurers of Oregon," and are being used in high schools and colleges in the teaching of history, as well as in educational campaigns by various political and commercial organizations. If I can awaken in Americans, both young and grown-up, a love for frontier history comparable to the love I have for it—which is born of my childhood memories—I shall believe I have done them a good turn, and be happy.

Books by Constance Lindsay Skinner:

PIONEERS OF THE OLD SOUTHWEST
ADVENTURERS OF OREGON, both in Chronicles of America Series, Yale University Press
SILENT SCOT: FRONTIER SCOUT
THE WHITE LEADER
BECKY LANDERS: FRONTIER WARRIOR } The Macmillan Co.
SONGS OF THE COAST DWELLERS
THE SEARCH RELENTLESS } Methuen, London

The Sea King's daughter orders a new palace. From "Tales from the Enchanted Isles," by Ethel May Gate. Yale University Press

THE FRONTIER

By William Whitman, 3d

WE have just finished the work of Constance Lindsay Skinner: "Silent Scot: Frontier Scout," "The White Leader," and "Becky Landers." These stories of frontier life in Tennessee and Kentucky have kept our family quiet and recumbent after meals, when reading aloud is done.

Before she wrote books for boys and girls, Miss Skinner was an historian. "After having written history for five years, I began to desire to give to youngsters some of the thrilling frontier events I had unearthed in my years of sober research. I felt the young were being cheated out of many legitimate and patriotic thrills." She remedied in part this deficiency with "Silent Scot: Frontier Scout," the first of her exciting stories.

Andy MacPhail was nicknamed "Silent Scot" by the frontiersmen of Tennessee on account of his remarkable ability to steal noiselessly through the forest. Accompanied on most of his escapades by his Indian friend, "Runner-on-the-Wind," Silent Scot scouted and fought for the American cause. At the battle of Branydwine, while a captive of Ferguson, the British leader, he was eye-witness to Washington's narrow escape from death. Later he skirmished against the Tories in the Tennessee mountains, and fought beside John Sevier in the battle of King's Mountain. There is no stinting of adventure here, and what is more, this story has a sound, historical basis.

"The White Leader" and "Becky Landers" are quite as breathless. The former is a story of Tennessee after the Revolution and up to the date of the Louisiana Purchase, and several of the characters in "Silent Scot" reappear. "Becky Landers: Frontier Warrior" touches upon Clark's expeditions into Illinois and the siege of Boonesborough. The author, in a note, writes: "I have endeavored to make a composite picture of communal and family life in Kentucky, with its forts, its cabins and furnishings, its sports and customs, as well as of the sterner life of its warriors and hunters; and to show the heroic part played by the women and the young girls of the frontier in the troublous years of the Revolution."

Books of this type are very useful. They are sufficiently lively to stimulate an interest in history, and they encourage the virtues of self-reliance, courage, and honesty. If the heroes and heroines suffer from a certain lithographic nobility, their adventures are read with an intensity of pleasure, denied to more dry-as-dust historians. And I have a theory that we get more lasting value out of what we read for pleasure than out of what we read as a duty or penance. But it is easy to see what my daughter Anne meant when she accused Becky of being too good. This frontier maiden not only had the virtues of a warrior, but of a model young housewife as well. Her conduct, her spoken word, her manifold accomplishments were positively inhuman—on the side of the angels. I fancy that Miss Skinner's greatest weakness is a fixed conviction of what a hero or heroine should be—and let me add a villain as well.

Miss Skinner's formula is much the same in each of her books. They are built about the adventures of an accomplished young hero, or heroine, who comes into almost immediate conflict with the villain of the story usually to effect in the end a partial reform. This plot is framed in an historical setting, bravely set off by Miss Skinner's engaging and rapid narrative style.

I can well understand how popular these stories must be to their audiences. Anne spent yesterday afternoon stalking among the apple trees until, as she informed me, she could go quite quietly. And today she has asked me for my penknife to practise throwing at the barn. If Becky Landers was good, Anne certainly has a mind to be better.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

THERE has been published this fall a facsimile reproduction with color of that first hand-made edition of William Blake's "Songs of Innocence," made from one of the two copies in the British Museum. Blake first submitted his "Songs of Innocence" in manuscript form to various English publishers, who without exception failed to see a money profit in their publication. Almost at the end of his resources, he decided to publish them himself. With 1s. 10d., practically his entire fortune, Mrs. Blake purchased for him the necessary requisites for a publishing and printing house, and with the articles which she was able to buy with this sum, he began work.

He etched his own plates by a secret method of his own, and he and Mrs. Blake colored these by brush or pen with matter which he himself made. He bound the sheets himself and sold the first few copies to friends for several shillings apiece up to a guinea or so. Later, when Blake became more prosperous and the fame of these copies of his "Songs" spread, he was able to spend more time on them and to sell them for sometimes as much as twenty guineas. Now they are worth, each, over $5,000, and the price is rising fantastically. One of the last sold at auction in this country was at the Beverly Chew sale during the winter of 1924–1925. This copy brought $5,500.

As each copy was done by hand, naturally there are no two alike. While usually several copies were made from the same plates, Blake was continually embellishing each drawing after the proof was taken. Thus it can be said that no one person has the "best" copy, though several claim to have. The copy of which this new edition is a facsimile is more perfect than most now extant.

It is certainly a William Blake year. Charles Scribner's Sons has two fine volumes, "Paintings by William Blake," by Darrell Figgis, and "Engraved Designs by William Blake," by Lawrence Binyon (each volume, $35.00). The Oxford University Press has Blake's "Prophetic Writings" (two volumes, $14.00). There is a new life of William Blake by William Burdett in the "English Men of Letters Series" ($1.25).

The Ecchoing Green
The Sun does arise
And make happy the skies
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring
The sky lark and thrush
The birds of the bush
Sing louder around
To the bells cheerful sound
While our sports shall be seen
On the Ecchoing Green
Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care
Sitting under the oak
Among the old folk
They

They laugh at our play
And soon they all say
Such such were the joys
When we all girls & boys
In our youthful time were seen
On the Ecchoing Green
Till the little ones weary
No more can be merry
The sun does descend
And our sports have an end:
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers
Like birds in their nest
Are ready for rest:
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green

Two pages from the new edition "Songs of Innocence," Minton, Balch

ADVENTURES AMONG NEW BOOKS

ONE of the joys of books is their limitless boundaries. Through them one transcends time and space. One sits in one's small village but stretches one's spirit to experiences world wide. Boys and girls feel this joy, too, without understanding it but nevertheless with unconsciously widening horizons.

One of the new books to widen horizons and quicken our understanding of people of other lands is Mrs. Sugimoto's "A Daughter of the Samurai." In short chapters, beautifully written, Mrs. Sugimoto has told of her childhood and upbringing in the mountainous west of Japan, of her coming to America to marry a young Japanese merchant as arranged by her elders, and of her return to Japan, a widow with her two children, Taro and Hana. This is a book to read aloud in the family of a chilly fall evening. A girl in her teens would also enjoy it by herself.

Madame Sugimoto, a very charming, dainty little person to judge from her photograph, received the strict, ceremonious training of all high-rank ladies of Old Japan. Her father was, before the Restoration, First Karo of one of the most conservative feudal daimiates. Because of a peculiar superstition connected with her birth she was given the book education of a priestess — which meant equal advantages with those of a boy.

She is now teaching the Japanese language at Columbia University. "A Daughter of the Samurai" was published in May but I am speaking of it here because it will be an important book with us all this year and for some time to come. Then, too, among the new fall books is "With Taro and Hana in Japan," — a book which Mme. Sugimoto has written about her children who were born in Ohio and made their first visit to their grandmother in Japan when Taro was ten and Hana eight.

Another new book of far horizons and also of real distinction which young and old will enjoy but which was written for young people is "Roses of the Winds" by Sonia Lustig. The roses are the children of the family; the winds, the wisdom and understanding coming from a rich and diverse inheritance, for the book is the story of the author's own family. The early chapters tell of happenings before her birth, so it has

been skillfully compounded of things told her by her elders and of material gathered from family journals and letters, but so clearly has each character been drawn and so vividly the whole visualized that the book is a firmly welded unit and is such delightful reading that every guest had to hear chapters when I was in the midst of it.

In 1865 at the Tsar's review of all troops in and about St. Petersburg "everything went off beautifully; not a mistake was made, not a man or a horse moved out of turn; only once did one long straight line of soldiers slightly curve for a few seconds where Count Vassenbach was in command. One of the horses slipped in the mud, and the rider fell off just as the signal 'Forward — march on the gallop — quick' was given. The man picked himself up at once, and Count Vassenbach gave the expected signal. But this half-minute delay was enough to curve for a moment the last lines of the marching regiments."

And for this, although to have done otherwise would have meant death to the fallen rider, Count Vassenbach was sent by his superior officer to the Caucasus on active service for five years. The Countess insisted that she and the family should go with him and the early chapters of the book tell of the family's journey, "travelling light" as the Countess expresses it, — herself and the four children; Hassan the courier in charge of the party with five men to help him carry out his orders, the head cook, two under cooks, five maids, the French and German governesses, and the old nurse Anfisa, who, though almost eighty years old, would not be left behind; and two young nurses to help her. Count Vassenbach had left six weeks earlier, taking with him fifteen trunks of "absolutely necessary" things. The rest of the family started with only one trunk apiece, and the servants had to pack their things into large denim bags.

But the Countess Natalie enjoyed her life in the Caucasus and under the influence of a holy man, her nature grew in sympathy and strength. She learned the joys of a gardener and she came really to count some of her poor neighbors as friends, even though, as she wrote in her diary, "Of course I remember how much lower is their station in life than mine."

The new baby sister was born in the Caucasus and named Tamara after the Princess Tamara, the wise and beautiful girl

who lived in the Caucasus in the Sixteenth Century, and who grew up to be a most famous queen, ruling long and successfully over many tribes. The little Tamara seems to me to have been the writer herself.

One of the children's great friends in that wild country was Captain Medvedeff, "a tall powerful man of sixty, with closely shaven hair, long hanging moustache, and a beard reaching below his knees, silvery white at the ends, but yellow and scorched around his mouth."

"He was very proud of his beard, and frequently combed it with a fine-toothed comb suspended on a long chain from his belt, and tucked in between the buttons of his military coat. At night, he braided it in two braids, rolled it up, and pinned it under his chin. But in spite of his efforts, his beard always looked unkempt and untidy, full of tobacco, crumbs, and what-not.

"He used to hide in it, pieces of candy, or tiny toys, which he carved himself out of peach stones, and let the children search for them. He told Misha that every spring two little birds used to build a nest in his beard, and let him care for and feed their birdlings until they grew big enough to fly away. For a long time Misha and even Olia did not know whether to believe him or not, because he even showed them two or three nests which he said he removed from his beard, after the birds had left it.

"At first, the children were afraid of his gruff voice and bushy eyebrows, but they soon discovered his tender heart and his love for children. He and his wife had never had any. He worshipped his wife. She always called him Captain Medvedeff, both in speaking of him and to his face, and he called her Lubashenka, and everybody else did so too. He was very proud of her dainty little feet, and used to buy for her pair after pair of pretty shoes and slippers, and never let her step into mud. If they came to a muddy place, he either picked her up in his strong arms and carried her across, or else took off his coat and spread it for her to step on."

When the family returned to St. Petersburg the little Tamara was left with her grandmother, the Princess Smirensky, and her aunt the Princess Lena, and later Lady Mary Harrisford, an unusual English woman, was placed in complete charge of the little girl.

"So Lady Harrisford was installed as a reigning power in the 'nursery' quarters, where a young German nurse and a stolid, middle-aged Finnish chambermaid were helping destiny to make Tamara's life rich in happiness and health. She was brought up in a rather Spartan way, accustomed to ice-cold baths, to sleeping with open windows — an unheard-of thing in Russia — and to spending most of the day out of doors. Before Tamara

was quite seven years old, she could swim, ride horseback and drive her phaeton with two ponies almost as well as Lady Harrisford herself. She also had to learn to sew, knit, and embroider, and to devote at least three hours every day to lessons. So the days were full both for the teacher and the pupil, and Tamara never could find a minute to play with the many wax and porcelain dolls presented to her by her grandmother and aunt."

When Tamara was eight years old, there came an epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria, and Lady Harrisford sent the little girl with her Finnish nurse, Mina Himmekul, to Mina's home in Finland. I wish there was space to tell about Tamara's life there on the Finnish farm and how Mina's mother tried to keep the little girl going straight ahead in all her good ways. And most of all I wish there was space to te'l about Christmas at the Himmekuls' but there is something delightful and new about Christmas for you all to read. I wish, too, that I could tell of Tamara's return to her family but you must read it all for yourself and great pleasure will you have.

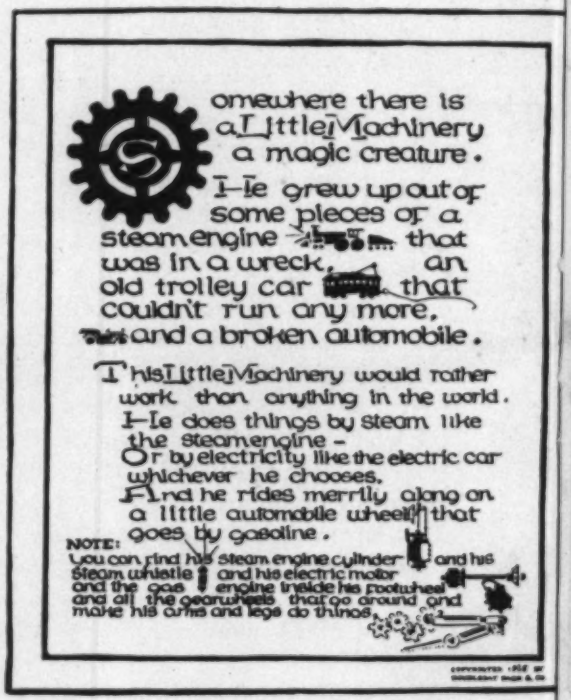
Just as I believe "Roses of the Winds" to be a book of great distinction and of permanent worth, so I believe that W. G. Dowsley's "Travelling Men" is an unusual piece of writing. It was not written for young people but they cannot help but enjoy it and it gives us what we have not had before, — a clear picture of "the white teeth of poverty" in Ireland, the hardship and the persecution of the past written as literature without any thought of influencing or persuading to a particular conclusion.

A boy who had never heard of Borrow and knew little of Ireland, happening upon the book, would find himself reading of the friendship that grew up between Murty O'Mahony, a lonely Irish lad of Clonmel, and George Borrow, an English boy, son of the Captain of the red coats newly stationed in the county. The boy would find excitement suddenly mounting when his English friend, "Shorsha," as he calls him, delivers at the annual "Giving-of-Prizes" not the oration of Mr. Pitt on the slave trade in Africa, but Robert Emmet's last speech spoken at his trial— and all the gentry and the Lord Chief Justice himself who sentenced poor Emmet to death present at the meeting. Leaving the gathering in an uproar, the boys go into hiding and there find Phil Carty, who had been imprisoned by the English for having fought with Bonaparte's army and who has escaped from the

Clonmel Jail and for whose release Murty has been longing. From this point on excitement is maintained at high pitch, for the boys join Phil in his flight from the red coats, over hill and down dale with many a narrow encounter, and on out to the sea where Phil hopes to be off in a ship.

Mr. Dowsley must have tramped over this country as a boy and lived on a lonely farm as Murty does, and he has the power to reproduce the country scenes swiftly without delaying his action.

"Up where we were, a thousand feet or more above the sea, we had a grand view in the direction where Clonmel must be, and, looking north over the skyline of the Comeraghs, I caught sight of the tip of a blue mountain far away behind them all, and lifting itself up above their rim. For a minute my heart was in my mouth. It was the top of Slievenamán. All my whole life the grand old mountain had been my landmark, and, whatever it is that's with you always, why 'tis a queer thing if you don't get fond of it. For the first time in my life, it had been out of my sight, and when I saw it again, the thought of the red coats behind me and the sight of all in front went from me; my throat wouldn't speak, and I had to rub away a kind of mist that came in front of my eyes. To me it was like father, mother, sister and all my friends and relations, that little tipty top of the big mountain peeping up from the back of the long line of the Comeraghs."

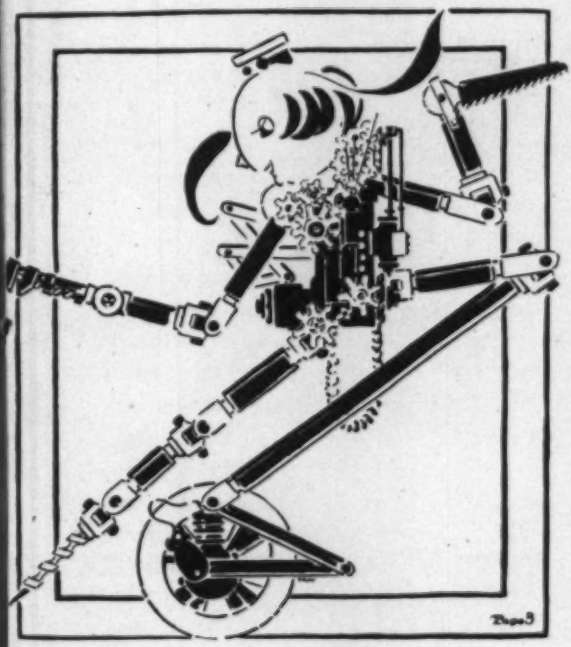

Somewhere there is a Little Machinery a magic creature.
He grew up out of some pieces of a steam engine that was in a wreck, an old trolley car that couldn't run any more, and a broken automobile.
This Little Machinery would rather work than anything in the world.
He does things by steam like the steam engine –
Or by electricity like the electric car whichever he chooses.
And he rides merrily along on a little automobile wheel that goes by gasoline.
NOTE:
You can find his steam engine cylinder and his steam whistle and his electric motor and the gas engine inside his footwheel and all the gearwheels that go around and make his arms and legs do things.

Pages 2 and 3 from "Little Machinery"

The book, I'd wager, was written out of homesickness in a land far from the country of which it tells. It will have an added fascination for the person who knows his "Lavengro." Perhaps

he will remember that it was Murtagh O'Mahony, one of the "Papist gassoons" Borrow met at the school in Clonmel who taught him Gaelic in return for a pack of cards.

It's a long leap from Ireland to California but not such a long leap from "Travelling Men" to "California Fairy Tales" as one might imagine, for the author's name before her marriage was Monica Shannon, one of the finest tales in her collection is "The Last of the Leprechauns," and there's many a place in the book that reads with the same rhythm heard in "Travelling Men." But with all the music and fancy Mrs. Wing has gained from another land, she has given us a book full of the sunshine, the richness and the color of California—Lima Beans, sweet Valencia Oranges, the eucalyptus, the giant red wood trees, and many other things native to the state play their part in the stories. It is a book to stand on the shelf beside Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories" but I do not like to have it considered as following *after* the "Rootabagas." Mrs. Wing's stories have their own fresh spring in her being, but like Carl Sandburg's they are full of youth, full of gusto, and full of gaiety. What a rare quality gaiety is here in America! There's a fine new subject for research—Tell me where doth gaiety dwell? If it dwells in California, why there and not here? Is it anywhere else in the land? And why isn't it? Is the sun to blame? Or the moon?



By Mary Liddell Wehle. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Well, "California Fairy Tales" has a story about the Man-in-the-Moon and his son "Tidy Tips." Tidy Tips "slid down the

eucalyptus tree as easily as sap does," filled his wicker basket with milky moonstones to exchange for sweet Valencia oranges for his father. As Tidy Tips trudged along, he whistled his moon silver polish song:

"I shine the tops of the hippity hops,
Which toads and crickets make.
I polish up fish, as they splash and swish,
And shine up the mountain lake.

I scour the sands, like pewter pans,
And silver the sea gulls' wings,
I tidy the tips of tarnished ships,
Rubbing Romance over things."

And this year the moon silver polish of genius has rubbed beauty and romance over engines, steam-drills, cranes and all kinds of machinery in a picture book for small children — the most original book yet published, — called "Little Machinery." Mrs. Wehle, who is an artist, has by some queer quirk found a fascination in machinery, and being an artist she has seen machines with eyes wise in color and design. Then, too, she has small children of her own, and that must be why each page of text with its picture opposite in which "Little Machinery" disports himself so gaily, proves to be so perfectly adjusted to small boys. I read the book with a boy of six standing at my left elbow and as I mentioned cylinder, whistle, motor, steam gauge, his finger went unerringly to that point in the picture. My finger had no spell this way. The activities of girls change to more boyish ways every day but it will be long centuries before many girls use a monkey wrench as boys do, yearn to run a locomotive or like to change a tire.

If you are interested to know more of the ways in which boys have come by their power and skill in certain directions, there is a new book ready to your hand, "The Boy through the Ages" by Dorothy Margaret Stuart, with a few pictures in color and many illustrations from Museum Exhibits, manuscripts and other contemporary sources. In her Preface the author says: "This book has been written for the delight not only of child-readers, but of such of their elders as like and understand small boys. Its aim has been to present a vivid and faithful picture of the daily life of the average boy from the epoch of the cave-dwellers to the

middle of Queen Victoria's reign, and to trace, by the way, the evolution of the modern attitude toward children from that of the earlier and less sympathetic periods in history." All this the book succeeds in doing in a lively and charming manner.

There is a woman writing for young people in America today who also can be scholarly as is Miss Stuart in "The Boy through

Wellington entering the Military School at Angers, from "The Boy Through the Ages." George H. Doran Company.

the Ages" and at the same time give wonderfully vivid and thrilling pictures of a boy's life in the days when the colonists were moving their boundaries south and west. Constance Lindsay Skinner is first of all a historian of a particular section of our history — she carries on Parkman's torch. She has written of

her early life for this magazine and Mr. Whitman has reviewed her three books for boys and girls, but since I am writing of new books which have counted as adventures for me this summer, I cannot omit mention of "The White Leader," which I read with breathless interest late on two August nights. Miss Skinner's important contribution to the literature of boys and girls seems to me to be her fine pictures of our marvellous country in its wilderness state and her clear, true narrative of our frontier history.

"The White Leader" is concerned with the methods employed by the French and Spanish with the Indians under the conditions set forth in the following paragraph from one of the early pages of the book:—

"When America and Britain made peace, the settlements in Kentucky and Tennessee became the special objects of foreign intrigue. Neither Spain nor France, which were still powerful feudal nations under the rule of the Bourbon cousins, wished to see American democracy spread and become strong. They agreed that the Appalachian Mountains should forever be the western boundary of the young Republic. But Americans had already crossed the high mountain chain and made settlements in the West. Therefore they must either be driven out, or they must be induced to forsake their allegiance to America and come in under the banner of Spain. To this end, French and Spanish agents worked among the Indians, who already hated the settlers for having built homes and forts on their hunting grounds."

I have saved until the last a book published in September which gave me, and is giving many others, boys and girls as well as grown-ups, special joy, — John T. McIntyre's "Shot Towers." I shall not soon forget the feeling of happiness with which I settled to the reading of this fine story of Philadelphia when horses were important members of society and when one knew well, and as friends, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker. The book is Dickensian and no mistake, — full of clearly drawn characters, fine atmosphere — and oh! such good things to eat. No reader will forget Mrs. Carey and I fancy that most people will make a bee-line as I did, for Mr. McIntyre's earlier book "Blowing Weather." This we took away to a town by the ocean where it made our evenings wonderful. Our next bee-line will be for "The Ragged Edge" and if it's out of print, we'll search until we find, for here's an author to read and re-read for sheer pleasure and joy. And if any illustrator is looking for a book full of picturesque history and color for which to make pictures, we recommend "Blowing Weather." B. E. M.

IN THE SPIRIT OF DICKENS

By John T. McIntyre
Author of "Shot Towers," and "Blowing Weather"

BOOKS were few in the section where I spent my boyhood; and book reading people were not many. As a very small boy I had no large regard for them; they were things one labored with; sunny mornings were spent poring over them, sunny mornings and long afternoons, and often evenings under the lamp. They were things one studied and disliked.

I had a fancy for stories; but stories were things one listened to; they came by word of mouth; that the amazing matters dealt with might be caught and put into a book had not yet occurred to me. And so I grew up to be eight years old: The world I knew was made up of a half dozen streets; and in these walked a few dozen people; what happened to-day was very much like what happened yesterday.

And then one day I found a book on a shelf. It was a pudgy, short book; and it was old and had a shabby green cover. There was a name on it in spotty gold: *Oliver Twist.* I took it down and looked at it. Books, as I knew them, usually had pictures; but this one had none. Why this fact, and the book's bulk, and its double columns of small type did not repel me I don't know. Perhaps it was Mr. Bumble; or the ratty Noah; but more than likely it was Oliver, himself, and a desire to know what things finally overtook him. That day is as well remembered as yesterday; I read at a gloomy window, turning page after page holding nothing for me. And then I met the Artful Dodger! Also I met Fagin!!

There was a wall. I can see it still. It was a gray wall in a lonesome and dangerous place; the great city of London was all about, yet this spot was chill and eerie; fear crept along its length. The Dodger swept me up; I admired his courage; his lawlessness fascinated me; his sayings were like no others I'd ever heard. But Fagin! The wealth of half the world would not have induced me to go a step nearer to him; yet the riches of the other half would not have paid me to move one step away. He postured before me for one wonderful moment. I've never forgotten his long coat, his dirty talon-like fingers, his hawk beak, and his cunning eyes. And at that moment I was awed and enlarged;

for I'd found a path to a far region of the world, and I'd journeyed along it alone. It came to me that there were other books, each holding a new adventure, beautiful or terrible. And I sat thrilled with the prospect; I felt I knew what joy was.

Yes, I was eight years old when I first read *Oliver Twist;* and I lived in a little house much like the one Tad Carey lives in in *Shot Towers;* and when Tad trudged through Second Street early of a summer morning, he was journeying a way I'd taken many a morning in those same years. Do you recall what is said of Tad in Chapter XIII, in those early hours when the deep sleep of the night had left its mists in his mind?

"Then the street came crowding about him, offering its plenty; its hands were many and its gifts were wonderful; he treaded his way through rich good things. Across the roofs further along he saw the topmasts of ships; gray clouds wound among them; they seemed to bend and beckon him away to places where vast waters tumbled, and life was dangerous and stern. He'd pass a lamp shop crowded with *jinns,* each a slave to a separate lamp; they'd stand darkly in doorways, or gesture from the window-edges. They'd desire him to pause. What! would he go by and leave all the strange things they knew, unheard? Would he, indeed, pass great adventures by with a snap of his fingers? Let him but stop. Let him await the wonderful chance. Let him but touch, ever so carelessly, one single lamp! For, said they, there is magic in the growing morning; all the things the new day is to do are now being born. Let him but stop. Vast rewards were gained by courage. The venturesome often won a way to high places."

I listened to tales told of winter nights beside the fire; strange frightening tales of Irish glens, and sunken roads, of the "good people," of Cluricaunes, of banshees, and phookas. In the weavers' garrets of a night I'd harken to stories of hazard and hard living, of frightened men in strange places, and of swift deeds witnessed only by the glimpsing moon.

Books were few among these people; their lore was carried by word of mouth, and their epics unwritten. And, so, a small boy with a growing desire for print had little to feed upon. Tad, the boy in "Shot Towers," reads *The Boys of New York* of a Saturday night; this was my favorite journal. And a most exciting and satisfying one it was. Do you recall the man who lived

in the first house as you turn the angle into "Shot Towers"? He was . . . "a pale, thin little man who was a barber. . . . And there were times when he drank a deal of liquor and pawned his clothes, and household goods, and had his wife crying among the neighbors, and telling the hard circumstances of her life. But there were other times when he wouldn't drink at all; then he'd read after he came from his work of an evening; he'd sit very quietly. He'd have the *Saturday Night*, or the *New York Weekly* . . . . He'd read them, with his chair tipped back against the wall; and he was a thin, drunken little barber no longer. He rode the free range on a cow pony; he trapped in the far wilderness; he sat about camp fires and talked as one comrade with another with Kit Carson, with Pandy Ellis, with Nick Wiffles. The trails through the desert; the boundless prairies; the mountain passes! Sometimes he'd loan Tad his papers, and often they'd talk. There were many uncharted islands in the midst of the sea; there were sunken treasure-ships deep down in quiet water; romance and high fortune went hand in hand in unfrequented corners of the world."

This was the only literature I knew; this was the only sort of literary conversation I heard. But about my sixteenth year I began voyaging and discovered a new world — the novels of Bulwer, of Ainsworth, of Fielding, and later I came upon Stevenson, Haggard, and a host of translations from the French. Between *Oliver Twist* and the next book of Dickens to fall into my hands there was a space of ten full years. And then I read *David Copperfield! ! !*

My first book, *The Ragged Edge* (McClure, Phillips & Co., N. Y., 1902) was laid in the section of Philadelphia I knew as a child. It was a grim little book, but very truthful; and even the quieter look I give it in these present days assures me there is a deal more in it than met the eyes of the book buyers of that most memorable year. In "Shot Towers" the same scene is presented; but perhaps with more kindliness. A score of years brings mellowness; the eyes are turned backward with more understanding and tolerance; and any desire to strike and hurt is happily gone.

Silhouettes from "Shot Towers"

A HUNT BREAKFAST

TO several of the authors of new fall books for boys and girls, as they've come to The Bookshop, or as we've taken our courage in our hands and written to them, we've said, "Imagine yourselves invited to a Hunt Breakfast to meet Horn Book readers. What will you say when your new book is shown and you are introduced?" Every one we've asked has responded, and we meant to ask some others, but time grew shorter and shorter until there was none left, and the pages of The Horn Book grew more and more until The Hunt Breakfast reached the state of The Mad Tea Party, except that there was *truly* "No Room! no room!"

The remarks of the Mistress of the Hunt as she introduces the honored guests you'll have to imagine, for they've been crowded out, too!

(After each author's name appears the title of the new book.)

HUGH LOFTING. ***Dr. Dolittle's Caravan***

How did I come to write Dr. Dolittle? It was during the Great War, and my children at home wanted letters from me—and they wanted them with illustrations rather than without. There seemed very little of interest to write to youngsters from the Front: the news was either too horrible or too dull. And it was all censored. One thing, however, that kept forcing itself more and more on my attention was the very considerable part the animals were playing in the World War, and that as time went on they, too, seemed to become Fatalists.

Oftentimes you would see a cat stalking along the ruins throughout a heavy bombardment in a town that had been shelled more than once before in that same cat's recollection. She was taking her chances with the rest of us. And the horses, too, learnt to accept resignedly and unperturbed the falling of high explosives in their

immediate neighborhood. But their fate was different from the men's. However seriously a soldier was wounded, his life was not despaired of; all the resources of a surgery highly developed by the War were brought to his aid. A seriously wounded horse was put out by a timely bullet.

This did not seem quite fair. If we made the animals take the same chances as we did ourselves, why did we not give them similar attention when wounded? But obviously to develop a horse-surgery as good as that of our Casualty Clearing Stations would necessitate a knowledge of horse language.

That was the beginning of the idea: an eccentric country physician with a bent for natural history and a great love of pets, who finally decides to give up his human practice for the more difficult, more sincere and, for him, more attractive therapy of the animal kingdom. He is challenged by the difficulty of the work—for obviously it requires a much cleverer brain to become a good animal doctor (who must first acquire all animal languages and physiologies) than it does to take care of the mere human hypochondriac.

This was a new plot for my narrative letter for the children. It delighted them, and at my wife's suggestion, I decided to put the letters in book form for other boys and girls.

RACHEL FIELD. ***Taxis and Toadstools***
Eliza and the Elves
An Alphabet for Boys and Girls

There's something about islands, I don't know what it is, but I simply cannot keep them out of the things I write. I always find them there along with pointed trees, toadstools, children, and patchwork quilts. Even when I was a very little girl and lived among hills with no larger body of water than a brook handy, I made islands of the stones in it. I made islands out of sponges stuck full of ferns and placed conveniently (since the inconsiderate owners of sponges were always calling for their return!) in a garden pool. I even found an island big enough to hold me in the tiny triangle of grass where a signpost pointed the way of three brown country roads. I used to sit there and pretend the roads were water and the passing haycarts and occasional motors were ships. There's a little verse about it in *Taxis and Toadstools,* called "The Grass Island." Then later on came "The Island" itself and I didn't have to make them up any more, for it's real, and in the State of Maine; and Maine is like "the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," only with islands instead of children.

This one has everything even the most exacting person could expect of an island—pointed trees and rocks and pebble beaches; blueberry pastures and cranberry patches; harebells in July and bunchberries in August—and toadstools coming up all the time like magic out of the moss and brown needles. And that is how the stories and verses come into my mind—just like the toadstools. I can't explain it in any other way—one night there won't be a sign of one and next

morning maybe, or along about noon, when the sun is high and hot and the sea very blue between the trees—or perhaps by sunset time, when the gulls are flying back to their special island—well, you may find one has come up in your mind. It may not be at all the poem or story you expected to find there, just as you can never tell what sort of a toadstool you'll see next under your window. It may be a red or spotted one or yellow and curly, or it may be the faintest violet or peaked and orange. But there is this about toadstools and ideas—they must be picked right away. If you don't they vanish the way they came. "Eliza" was like that. She almost did slip away from me, and I couldn't possibly have caught her if Elizabeth MacKinstry hadn't happened to be on "the Island" too, to help with her reedpen and ink bottle.

ETHEL CALVERT PHILLIPS. ***Little Sally Waters***

It was summer before last that I went down to Swampscott, and there met for the first time the illustrator who has shown us how *Wee Ann* and *Pretty Polly Perkins* and *Little Friend Lydia* look. We drove together along the coast through Swampscott and Lynn, Salem and Marblehead. It was a beautiful day, the sky and the sea a shimmer of blue and gold, and the beaches were crowded with children shouting and playing, as happy as could be.

And as we drove through the steep, narrow streets of Marblehead, I saw Sally Waters. She was sitting alone on her doorstep, and in spite of the bright day and the sparkling sea, she looked downcast and sober. I wondered why; and then further down the street I saw her father and mother walking briskly away toward the train, and I knew what ailed Sally Waters. She was lonely and wanted some one to play with her.

We drove in and out the crooked streets and passed a little gray house that bore in the front window a sign, "Rooms." An expressman with a load of trunks was driving up to the door, and at the front gate stood a little girl who looked wistfully up and down the street. It was Alice, and it was plain to be seen that she had just come to Marblehead to spend the summer and that she didn't know a single little girl in town. How pleasant, I thought, if Sally and Alice only knew one another and could have a good play together.

Now just around the corner, on a sloping street, stood two or three little shops. Their windows were filled with toys, ships and windmills, and sailor dolls. And in front of one of these shops stood a little boy and his mother. He wore a wide beach hat, and in his hand he carried a new bright-red pail. It was Andy, and oh! how he did want to look in the window at the toys! But his mother was walking on and Andy was pulling back, and I don't know to this day whether Andy went on up the hill with his mother, or whether she came back and looked in the window at the toys with him.

But I thought again how pleasant if Sally and Alice and Andy could only know one another. What a happy summer they would have together! I could fancy it all. And that is how *Little Sally Waters* came to be written.

MONICA SHANNON WING. ***California Fairy Tales***

(With her letter to The Hunt Breakfast Mrs. Wing sent a red grasshopper. The Editor regrets that the idea of reproducing it in these pages occurred to her too late.)

I am sending my red grasshopper for a present. But Boston may be just hopping with them. I have never been in Boston.

Sometimes I have thought my red grasshopper might be an Indian grasshopper. But his headdress is not Indian. Did you know that the Yokut Indians living in this Sierra Nevada Canyon doted on grasshoppers? They caught them by making fires and driving the distracted, hurrying-out-of-the-fire-grasshoppers into a pit, where they were toasted. But some were always saved from the feast to put on the tummies of children with tummy ache. Yet little un-Indian children raise the dickens just because they have to take castor oil!

If you have never been in California, it will be a surprise for you that this morning, while looking for our baby goat, I picked shoots from a California coffee bush covered with berries of three colors—lemon-yellow berries, bright-red berries, and black berries. There is nothing prettier!

Our ranch and the mountains all around it are grown over with live oaks. After the early part of June the fresh, wild grass on these mountains turns gold. And the buckeye bushes, which are everywhere, get dull red. It never rains here in the summertime. We have big thunder and lightning storms without one drop of rain. That is why the tree toads are grumpy and quiet through the summer. But in the winter time they sit up in high places and wait for somebody to make a remark. Then they say something that sounds like "Poor nut!"

There are so many coyotes here that nobody raises sheep. The hired man just came to tell me that coyotes killed our baby goat last night. That's why I couldn't find him. He was the whitest, fluffiest little goat. And I was looking for him to give him some peaches!

We have a brown dog called Mr. Beg. I feel sure he is in love because these chilly mornings he tubs himself in our pool and goes about looking very spruce. We have eleven cats living here, too. But only one of them was invited. Six

Drawing by Dorothy Lathrop for "The Light Princess"

of them are early fall cats. And everybody says that early fall cats never catch mice. But spring cats are real mousers. I was born in March and have caught the measles three times.

This is a busy day because I am pickling peaches—yummy tasting with brown sugar and cloves and cinnamon sticks.

DOROTHY P. LATHROP. Illustrator of new edition of George Macdonald's *The Light Princess* in The Little Library

To think in terms of illustration is to put one's self in a projection room, where the story unfolds in a series of pictures which leap into the mind as complete and as silently as if falling upon a moving picture screen. "The princess was lying motionless on her bed"—and suddenly there she is for the drawing. There are no "experiences." Only an intense effort to make tangible the intangible.

Drawing by Dorothy Lathrop for "The Light Princess"

I should like to think that these mysterious, phantom pictures one tries to translate into pen and ink are projections from some fairy world. I should like to think that so they are the same pictures the author saw, but alas, though authors are often so delightfully kind as to like illustrations, the actual drawings at least can never be just that. At any rate there is something very like magic back of it all. And the more truly enchanted the story, the faster and faster the pictures come, until the illustrator is at his wit's end to get them all in. I have been bewitched by *The Light Princess* for years. That is why there are so many pictures in it now, and also why I can say so little about them. It is hard to talk and draw at the same time.

ELIZABETH L. LUSTIG, daughter of Sonia Lustig. *Roses of the Winds*

(Mrs. Lustig is in Europe, and her daughter, who is one of the proprietors of The Booke Shop in Market Square, Providence, has sent the following letter to The Hunt Breakfast.)

In our family many of the favorite stories have been of the Russia of some years ago, when Mother was a little girl. Consequently, we

were all very much pleased when she decided to put some of these happenings into a book—*Roses of the Winds.*

How this volume ever got written is a mystery. For ours is not the quiet, well-regulated household, where one may retire to a *sanctum sanctorum* for purposes of creative work. Rather, we are all too active and too much interested in our own affairs, and those of other members of the family. Besides, there are always so many amusing incidents that just must be related at the psychological moment—before they grow stale. And if one does get away from US, there are innumerable friends who come dashing in for advice, or perhaps just in search of listeners.

However, *Roses of the Winds* did get written, and part of the reason is just this: Mother, being an early riser, often goes out and walks from five to six o'clock in the morning. Which means that upon her return she is able to do two hours of good solid work *before* breakfast. But after breakfast—what a conglomeration! Meals to be ordered; children's laundry to be mailed to boarding school; salesmen to be politely ejected, and all the hundred and one things of a busy household to be attended to. By eleven or twelve o'clock, if luck is good, she can lock herself into her room, get out her dozens of sharpened pencils, many sheets of paper, and settle down to a yearned-for period of writing. But she has quite forgotten the telephone!! (And one day it rang twenty times in little over half an hour.) People will not leave messages; they insist on personal conversations. Will she speak before the Mothers' Club on RUSSIA? Will she subscribe five dollars for the honor of being a patroness at the next intercollegiate dance. . . . So it goes.

None the less, with two hours a day of uninterrupted work, a stolen week or two in Maine—and a real urge to write—we have presto this book—*Roses of the Winds.*

HELEN ORTON FULLER. ***Winter at Cloverfield Farm***

Once upon a time there were four little boys who had a great thirst for stories. And Mother loved to tell stories. So everybody was happy. But sometimes the busy mother had not found time to prepare a story when bedtime came.

"Make up one," they would say, as if it were as easy as making mud pies.

Often she would draw on her memories of a happy childhood on a farm. As time went on, some of these stories became the greatest favorites of all. When the youngest lad was about eight, again and again he urged her to write stories.

"I'll try sometime," I would reply, but with little enthusiasm.

Finally, one evening, he said, "You never start to write your stories, mama, and the other children will never know them."

"Was it possible that he saw more truly than I? Could I write stories? Could I undertake one more thing?"

Swiftly these questions ran through my mind. Then I answered, as earnestly as he had spoken, "I will try, son."

So, one day, putting everything else aside, I went to my desk and tried. And from that effort, with the aid of midnight oil and a capacious wastebasket, there emerged, after three months, my first book—*Prince and Rover of Cloverfield Farm.*

MADAME N. G. GRISHINA. *Peter Pea*

When I came from Russia to this country to bring up my little boy in beautiful America, I found myself in all the new sights and sounds, remembering the sights and sounds of my old home and happy things of my childhood in Russia. My little boy liked me to tell him some of the tales my old nurse, Masha, used to tell, and when his American playmates heard the stories, they begged to hear them again and again. So I wrote down one of the stories—about Shorty, the little man who was afraid of thunder. I made pictures for it and it was published in a book. The children liked it so well that I felt encouraged to make a book of another of Masha's tales. This new one is *Peter Pea*—about a tiny fairy boy. He is such a brave, jolly little fellow. I hope you will like him as well as I did when old Masha used to tell me the story in far-away Russia.

The Horn Book Editors will be delighted to conduct other Hunt Breakfasts in any number of The Horn Book when enough "guests" have sent "speeches" to make the event worth while. The "guests" can be boys or girls writing about anything related to books; or they can be fathers or mothers; or any one else who has something to say on the subject of books interesting to young people.

NEW BOOKS

A SHORT AND VERY SELECT LIST arranged for the convenience of SANTA CLAUS, with a longer annotated list to be consulted in case of need.

The children whose special list this is are in "An Alphabet for Boys and Girls," by Rachel Field, and their pictures will appear throughout. Special mention of the starred titles will be found in the section entitled "New Book Adventures."

For small Charlotte and Ned, who like plenty of pictures and just enough reading to start them on their own imaginings.

AN ALPHABET FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Rhymes and pictures by Rachel Field. *Doubleday* $1.00

*LITTLE MACHINERY. Story and pictures by Mary Liddell Wehle. *Doubleday* 2.00

THE STORY OF MR. TOOTLEOO, by Bernard and Elinor Darwin. *Harper* 2.00

SOLDIER BOY, by Felicite LeFevre. Pictures by Tony Sarg. *Greenberg* 1.25

For Roger and Isabel, who like to be read to but prefer a little at a time.

CHIMNEY CORNER FAIRY TALES, selected and retold by Veronica S. Hutchinson. *Minton, Balch* $2.50

PICTURE FOLK-TALES, by Valery Carrick. Illustrated by the author. *Stokes* 1.50

FAIRIES AND FRIENDS, by Rose Fyleman. *Doran* 1.25

THE TOYSHOP, by Maud Lindsay. *Lothrop* 1.50

For Eliza and Timothy, who are ready for a continuous story and can sit still.

IN THE BEGINNING. A First History for Little Children by Lady Erleigh. *Doubleday* $1.75

WINNIE-THE-POOH, by A. A. Milne. Illustrations by E. H. Shepard. *Dutton* 2.00

THE LITTLE BLUE MAN, by Giuseppe Fanciulli. Translated from the Italian by May M. Sweet. *Houghton* 1.75

LITTLE SALLY WATERS, by Ethel Calvert Phillips. *Houghton* 1.75

JOAN MORSE, by Eliza Orne White. *Houghton* 1.75

WINTER AT CLOVERFIELD FARM, by Helen Fuller Orton. *Stokes* 1.00

CHARLIE AND THE SURPRISE HOUSE, by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell. *Macmillan* 1.75

For Mollie, Meg and Marjorie, who like more fairy tales and new fairy tales.

ELIZA AND THE ELVES, by Rachel Field. Illustrations by Elizabeth MacKinstry. *Macmillan* $2.00

BUBBLELOON, by Edith Keeley Stokely. With illustrations by J. Erwin Porter. *Doran* 3.00

*CALIFORNIA FAIRY TALES, by Monica Shannon. *Doubleday* 2.00

WONDER TALES FROM WINDMILL LANDS, by Frances Jenkins Olcott. *Longmans* 2.00

For Olive and Ferdinand, who love to read to themselves and do read a great deal.

*ROSES OF THE WIND, by Sonia Lustig. *Doubleday* $2.00

INGER JOHANNE'S LIVELY DOINGS, by Dikkon Zwilgmeyer. *Lothrop* 1.75

CHI-WEE AND LOKI, by Grace Moon. *Doubleday* 2.00

WHEN GRANNY WAS A LITTLE GIRL, by A. E. P. Searing and Dahris Martin. *Doubleday* 2.00

For Kitty and Jim, who especially like the "Twin Books" and stories of what other children do.

THE AMERICAN TWINS OF THE REVOLUTION, by Lucy Fitch Perkins. *Houghton* $1.75

*WITH TARO AND HANA IN JAPAN, by Etsu I. Sugimoto and Nancy V. Austin. *Stokes* 1.00

RED HOWLING MONKEY, THE TALE OF A SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN BOY, by Helen Damrosch Tee-van. *Macmillan* 2.00

For Ann and Dan, who are clever with their hands.

YOUR WORKSHOP, by Edna Plimpton. *Macmillan* $1.50

MODERN ALADDINS AND THEIR MAGIC, by Charles E. Rush and Amy Winslow. *Little* 1.50

THE COMPLETE PLAYCRAFT BOOK, by Patten Beard. *Stokes* 2.50

PLAYING WITH CLAY, by Ida M. Wheeler. *Macmillan* 2.00

For all the Boys and Girls in the Alphabet if they like Doctor Dolittle and want to know still more about him.

DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S CARAVAN, by Hugh Lofting. *Stokes* $2.50

THE LONGER LIST

TOTO AND THE GIFT, by Katharine Adams *Macmillan* $2.00
The story of a young Belgian girl of talent and purpose who comes to New York to live.

MARY REDDING TAKES CHARGE, by Linda Stevens Almond *Crowell* 1.75
Mary Redding is a capable sister in a large family and a loyal friend.

PILLICOCK HILL, by Herbert Asquith *Macmillan* 2.00
Jungles and story-telling poems for young children.

SPUNK, LEADER OF THE DOG TEAM, by Arthur C. Bartlett *Wilde* 1.75
The story of a dog who won his place at the head of the dog team, and a hermit's son who might never have been what he became, had it not been for "Spunk."

PEDRO OF THE BLACK DEATH, by C. M. Bennett *Dutton* 2.00
A very exciting story of a lawless pirate crew.

THE SONS OF KAI: THE STORY THE INDIAN TOLD, by Henry Beston (The Little Library) *Macmillan* 1.00
A legend of the Navahos which is here told simply, briefly, with color and vividness.

PATSY'S BROTHER, by Harriette R. Campbell *Harper* 1.75
Patsy is an impetuous girl with a great love for horses, and for her brother Michael.

THE PUEBLO BOY, by Cornelia James Cannon *Houghton* 2.00
Tyami of the pueblo Acoma saves his people from Spanish attack in the days of Coronado's explorations.

ETIQUETTE, JR., by Mary E. Clark and Margery Closely Quigley *Doubleday* 2.00
A well-arranged and exceedingly reliable book of etiquette for boys and girls.

JASON AND THE PRINCESS, by Kathleen Colville *Houghton* 1.50
An adventure voyage upon the "Seagull" from the port of Queer Town.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE WANDIES, by Bessy Creighton *Greenberg* 1.00
Watch each Wandy and see when and how he earns his decoration.

THE GAUNTLET OF DUNMORE, by Hawthorne Daniel *Macmillan* 1.75
A story of rivalry between barons during the Hundred Years' War and how the young Edward Dunmore comes into his inheritance through wit and skill at arms.

TRAVELLING MEN, by W. G. Dowsley *Stokes* 2.00
For appreciation of this see page 25

THE BRAZILIAN FAIRY BOOK, by Elsie Spicer Eells *Stokes* 2.50
Tales of Spanish, Portuguese, Indians, African origin told by a Brazilian parrot to a princess.

THE SECRET OF COFFIN COVE, by Clayton Holt Ernst *Houghton* 1.75
A story of mystery and adventure in the north woods.

TAXIS AND TOADSTOOLS, by Rachel Field *Doubleday* 2.00
Particularly nice verses, full of freshness and quaintness.

MARY AND MARCIA, PARTNERS, by Helen Cady Forbes *Macmillan* 2.00
The story of an unusual vacation of adventure, mystery, and achievement.

THE ADVENTURE CLUB, by Rose Fyleman *Doran* 1.50
A delightful group of playmates succeed in finding adventure frequently and unexpectedly.

FATHER'S GONE A-WHALING, by A. C. Gardiner and N. C. Osborne *Doubleday* 2.00
What the children of Old Nantucket did when their fathers were a-whaling.

TALES FROM THE ENCHANTED ISLES, by Ethel May Gate *Yale University Press* 2.00
With illustrations by Dorothy Lathrop. Fanciful adventure by land and sea.

THE ZULU TRAIL, by Major Charles Gilson *Doubleday* 1.50
Danger at every turn met Eric Monkhouse in his expedition to the wilds of Africa.

PETER-PEA, by N. G. Grishina *Stokes* 1.50
A Russian fairy tale fully pictured by the author.

A MAGICIAN OF SCIENCE—THE BOYS' LIFE OF STEINMETZ, by John Winthrop Hammond *Century* 1.75
Rewritten by the author from his larger work to reveal to boys the man whose best friends were boys.

FILLMORE FOLK TALES, selected by Wilhelmina Harper *Harcourt* 1.50

THE MAGIC FAIRY TALES, selected by Wilhelmina Harper *Longmans* 1.50
The first is a selection of the Parker Fillmore's Finnish and Jugoslavic stories; the second, of Andrew Lang's Book. Miss Harper is an experienced story-teller.

WONDER TALES OF ALSACE-LORRAINE, by Bernard Henderson and C. Calvert *Stokes* 2.50

WONDER TALES OF OLD TYROL, by Bernard Henderson and C. Calvert *Stokes* 2.50
Interesting collections of folk-legends illustrated in color and black and white by Constance Rowlands.

SMOKY THE COWHORSE, by Will James *Scribner* 2.50
Will James makes Smoky live in both pictures and story.

TUCKAWAY HOUSE, by Charlotte Brewster Jordan *Doubleday* 1.75
A large family of girls—seven in all—"raise the roof" at Tuckaway House.

GREAT MOMENTS IN SCIENCE, by Marion Lansing *Doubleday* 2.50
High moments in those men's lives whose achievements have created our modern world.

THE ANIMAL ETIQUETTE BOOK, by Helen Cowles LeCron *Stokes* 1.50
Verses and pictures which show how similar animal manners can be to some children's.

THE TALE OF THE GOOD CAT JUPIE, by Nelly McCoy *Macmillan* 1.50
Jupie and Jean keep house together and make many animal friends.

THE LIGHT PRINCESS, by George MacDonald. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop.
(The Little Library) *Macmillan* 1.00
An old favorite with delightful pictures. See page 35.

SHOT TOWERS, by John T. McIntyre *Stokes* 2.50
For special mention see page 30.

DANIEL DULUTH, by Everett McNeil *Dutton* 2.00
Adventuring on the Great Lakes and DuLuth's journey from Montreal to Lake Superior. Paul Douay joined the expedition in the hope of finding his sister who had been carried away by the Indians.

THE SCAMP, by Virgil Markham *Macmillan* 2.00
The escapades of a highwayman in the reign of George I.

ONCE ON A TIME, by A. A. Milne *Putnam* 2.00
A fairy tale for such as like to visit impossible kingdoms where nonsense reigns supreme.

THE JESTER'S PURSE, by Nydia E. Minchin *Harcourt* 2.00
A play with mediæval setting which has humor and an interesting story. In the same book are four other plays for boys and girls.

ON TO OREGON! THE STORY OF A BOY PIONEER, by H. W. Morrow *Morrow* 2.00
A vigorous, stirring story of the adventures and achievement of young John Sager.

THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA, by Aileen Nusbaum *Putnam* 2.00
A collection of Zuni folk-tales.

DERIC IN MESA VERDE, by Deric Nusbaum *Putnam* 1.75
Deric himself tells of his discoveries and experiences in the cliff-dwellers' country of Southern Colorado.

SKUNNY WUNDY AND OTHER INDIAN TALES, by Arthur C. Parker *Doran* 3.00
"That's all," says the Iroquois story-teller and the boy listener sighs with regret when the amusing tale comes to a close.

THE TATTOOED MAN, by Harold Pease *Doubleday* 2.00
An exciting story of malpractice at sea aboard a tramp freighter.

THE CHINA COW, by Gladys Peto *Houghton* 3.00
Stories and verses for small children, fully illustrated.

THE HOUSE THAT RAN AWAY, by Lola Pierce *Lothrop* 1.50
A mysterious old-time house is carried down the Missouri River at flood time and the solving of its mystery makes an interesting and unusual story.

THE HUNGARIAN FAIRY BOOK, by Nandor Pogany *Stokes* 2.50
Colorful epical fragments and folk-tales, decorated with original peasant designs.

CAPTAIN SANDMAN, by Miriam Clark Potter *Dutton* 2.00
Bedtime stories of a varied character.

JOHN AND SUSANNE, by Edith Ballinger Price *Century* 1.75
Two sturdy orphans have enough determination to find themselves a home where they will be happy.

DAVID GOES TO GREENLAND, by David Binney Putnam *Putnam* 1.75
This is the same David who went with William Beebe on board the "Arcturus." He relates now of his trip with the American Museum Greenland Expedition north of the Arctic Circle.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA'S FAIRY BOOK. Illustrated by N. Grosman—Bulyghin *Stokes* 3.00
For the older fairytale reader.

A BOYSEYE VIEW OF THE ARCTIC, by Kenneth Rawson *Macmillan* 1.75
Another lucky boy! This is by a fourteen-year-old member of the Macmillan Arctic Expedition of 1925.

THE TIRED TROLLEY CAR, by Beth A. Retner *Doubleday* 2.00
Stories with a unique quality of humor and absurdity.

A BOY OF OLD QUEBEC, by Orison Robbins *Lothrop* 1.75
Encounters with Indians and the hardships of wilderness life make up this story of a young French boy in Quebec.

THE PERILOUS ISLE, by Octavia Roberts *Harper* 2.00
The scene is laid in Santo Domingo and a young French boy is thrown into the midst of a great slave uprising.

WILLIAM JACKSON, INDIAN SCOUT, by James Willard Schultz *Houghton* 1.75
The story of a great scout who served Custer, Miles and Reno in the Indian wars.

BECKY LANDERS, FRONTIER SCOUT, by Constance Lindsay Skinner *Macmillan* 2.00

THE WHITE LEADER, by Constance Lindsay Skinner *Macmillan* 1.75
For review of these two books see page 30.

THE BOY THROUGH THE AGES, by Dorothy Margaret Stuart *Doran* 3.00
For further mention see page 29.

THE BRIGHT FACE OF DANGER, by C. M. Sublette *Little* 2.00
A story of Indians and slave uprisings in early Virginia.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI, by Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto *Doubleday* 3.00
For a review of this see page 22.

SNAKE GOLD, by Hervey White *Macmillan* 1.75
Adventure in the mountains of Mexico.

SKITTER-CAT AND LITTLE BOY, by Eleanor Youmans *Bobbs* 1.50
A simple story for the child beginning to read.

THE WONDER-SMITH AND HIS SON, by Ella Young *Longmans* 2.25
Gubbaun Saor is a mythological figure of Ireland and this book tells fourteen tales of his legendary cycle.

From "Tales of Laughter" by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company

Fine Editions and Especially Nice Books for Christmas Giving.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE, by William Blake *Minton, Balch* $5.00
Reproduced in size and colors of the original from one of the two copies in the British Museum.

LA MERVEILLEUSE HISTOIRE DU BON ST. FLORENTIN D'ALSACE, racontée aux petits enfants par l'Oncle Hansi avec beaucoup d'images par Hansi et Huen 4.50

THE HOLLY TREE AND OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES, by Charles Dickens. Illustrated in color and line by E. H. Shepard 2.00

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ON SANTA CLAUS

By M. Dorothy Woodruff

TODAY I saw Santa Claus. He sat enthroned upon a very red dais in the toy department of one of New York's oldest and largest dry-goods stores.

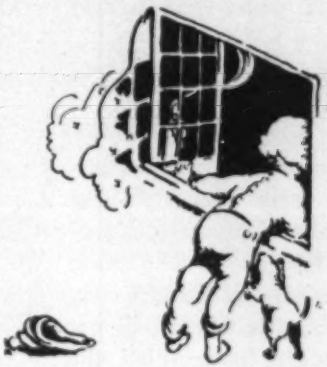
"His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow."

Several pasteboard likenesses, before which burned many electric lights, like holy candles in front of sacred ikons, hung high above him. Only children climbed the ascent to his throne. Most of them glowed with the fever of anticipation. Many of them quivered at the magnificence of the scene. All of them walked away wholly satisfied with the interview. Evidently Santa's promises were rich, and no one, of course, doubted his ability to fulfill them. One little girl who, in her excitement, had pulled off all wraps except a pair of warm, brown leggings, whispered to her mother, "I told him everything." Christmas comes but once a year, and so does an audience with Santa Claus.

Santa Claus has not changed materially since I saw him for the first time, many years ago, in that same store. To be sure, his suit does not appear quite so vermilion in color, the "ermine" fur of his cap seems a trifle less precious, and his great body has shrunk from immensity to almost normal proportions. But essentially he is the same Santa Claus—a lovable half-god and half-man, too impish for an angel, but too angelic for an imp—a deity who deals in choice Christmas presents.

We were spending our vacation on a Maine farm when the satan of skepticism first poked perplexities into my unwilling mind. Could God, I pondered, create all the beauty of the Songo River in six days, as Genesis told one, to say nothing of the less attractive places like the New Jersey town in which I lived, that must have come—if even for last moment consideration—in the scheme of creation? I doubted it. Many of my problems—philosophical and otherwise—I confided in Arthur (or Ath-er, in the Yankee colloquial), the hired man, on those

warm August days. Arthur's two outstanding virtues were an understanding sympathy and long-suffering patience. I loved him for these. Thinking of him now, I realize that his age could not have exceeded thirty-five years; but he seemed to me then to have lived the nine hundred and sixty-nine usually attributed to Methuselah, so many wonders had he seen, and so many riddles had he solved. A near-by farmer had said in my presence that Arthur knew more about cows than any man "this side of Portland." I stood spellbound before such omniscience. Indeed, you understand why I felt safe in broaching the subject of Santa Claus to so intelligent a person—one who, I was sure, had knowledge of all things. Arthur had taken me with him one morning on his milk route. When the horse had turned into the homeward road, he pulled out his watch and remarked that we had made "record time." "Eighty-two quarts of milk," Arthur said, "and all gone in less than four hours." Suddenly, I felt a lump in my throat as large as the apple in my hand. I saw a beautiful crystal ball in a perilous position, and I wanted Arthur to rescue it from falling. As always, he could be counted upon. "Arthur," I faltered, "if it has taken us all morning to deliver milk to the houses of just one town, how can Santa Claus bring presents to everybody in one evening? Why, he could never get from New York to Maine in a night, even with the fastest reindeer." (Casco Lake seemed as remote to me as a Tibetan bay.) As soon as I had asked the question, I thought Arthur looked a little sad, and I was almost sorry that I had spoken to him about Santa Claus; but presently he brightened up, and I knew by the decisive way in which he took his cap off, and then put it on again, that he had arrived at a satisfactory, all-inclusive explanation. "There's some things," he said, "and sometimes they're the best, that no man livin' or dead can explain. God and Santy Claus is two o' them. How either one is here, there, or yonder at the same time is more than I or any other body knows. But don't you go fussin' 'bout Santy's comin' up to Maine and goin' down to Jersey all in one night. *He* manages



that. Snow can fall in two places at once, can't it? *Never* on no account let grown-ups or kids tell you *trash* about Santy Claus. Just *always* believe in him like I've done. And if you want to know any more 'bout Santy, you better ask your ma. Now don't let no worriment spoil your vacation. When I go for the mail tonight, I'll bring you some o' them nice peppermint hearts." And after Arthur had spoken, I thought he seemed as pleased with himself as when he had succeeded in mending the corn-cutter, the intricacies of which had baffled even the capable blacksmith.

By reason of Arthur's philosophy, I do "believe" in Santa Claus, and always have and always will. Call him spirit or person, he is as real and as ageless as the ocean and the rocky shore of Maine, and as much a necessary part of the world's poetry as are they. He winks at us from every shining Christmas-tree ornament. His spirit is part of every spray of holly, and every sprig of evergreen. The journalist, who years ago wrote in the New York *Sun* so delightfully of Santa Claus, ended his editorial with the wrong word. Santa Claus will not continue throughout the centuries merely to "make glad the hearts of childhood." He will live, if we will permit him, to make glad the hearts of adults as well.

Grown-ups are incredibly cruel. During the first few years of existence they depend upon the "fat, jolly, old man" for their holiday happiness. But, when age and wisdom are attained, Santa Claus, they reason, is not for the sophisticated. He is discarded along with mechanical ducks and talking dolls. Too many of us are guilty of apostasy. Do not be so certain that a roaring wind disturbs your Christmas Eve slumbers. Dasher and Dancer, and Prancer and Vixen may be stamping ever so lightly upon your roof. (Remember, it has never been proved that dewdrops are not fairies' tears!) But do not spring from your bed to see what is the matter, unless you are a "believer" in Santa Claus. Visions are not allowed skeptical eyes!

A man once told me that he has always pictured Santa Claus's face marred by a great livid scar, extending across his forehead—the kind of scar that was peculiar to a friend of childhood days who gave lavish gifts of "trading"

stamps and leaden soldiers. This man simply could not, and cannot visualize Santa Claus without such a blemish. It is a mark of honor and of distinction.

And for that matter, do you know of any character in the world's history who has tolerated a greater number of symbols with which we are pleased to stamp him, or a greater amount of garbs in which we choose to clothe him, than Santa Claus? I recall a post card, sent to me as a child, on which Santa Claus was patriarchally represented trailing long, purple robes. My intelligence has never been more keenly insulted by a piece of mail. Every one knows, or ought to know, Santa's own royal badge of color. Dickens, who had caught the Christmas spirit as few people have been able, wrote that "there seems a magic in the very name of Christmas"; and so there is in that warmest of colors, the seasonal red.

But although we attire him in purple, and portray him with the visage of a pious patriarch, Santa Claus is uncomplaining. He only laughs, I surmise, at the paper and cotton effigies which adorn topmost branches of our Christmas trees, and thanks his lucky stars that they bear little resemblance to his own mirthful self. And, doubtless, he makes merry as he sees hundreds of woeful little chocolate images meet with the same greedy fate as did the Gingerbread Man. "Gracious," he chuckles to himself, "those who poke fun at my work, and even those who doubt my very existence, seem to eat my candy statue with relish. Now that's what I call sweet inconsistency."

Our modern commercialization of him grieves Santa Claus, I suspect, more than he would care to admit. But he smokes the only "prime leaf" tobacco, writes with the one "flawless" fountain pen, and drinks coffee made in a "patent pending" electric percolator, because good sportsmanship demands concessions to holiday advertisers, and Santa is nothing if not a good sport. Without advertisements there might be fewer gifts, and personal pride or prejudice must not stand in the way of Christmas happiness.

I have always imagined that Santa Claus treasures his guise as patron of thieves—an ecclesiastical heritage. Highwaymen, and even petty robbers, we do not rate very high in our social scale. Outcasts or unfortunates, one feels sure, would strongly

appeal, however, to a person of Santa Claus's temperament. How blissful the sensation—if one were a thug—in the realization that the diamond pin and well-filled wallet, stolen on Christmas night, were one's rightful property because of Santa's patronage! Truly should the robbed recall that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

No one possesses a nicer sense of values than does Santa Claus. If you belong to the illustrious four hundred, he will indubitably bestow upon you diamonds and motors; but if you are a member of the renowned four million, he will likely enough bring to you gifts of warm gloves and juicy oranges. One thinks of Santa Claus somewhat in the light in which Macaulay thought of Goldsmith—"so generous," he quite forgets "to be just." According to your need and demand, perhaps—rather than according to your deserts—Santa Claus gives his gifts.

After all, upon the shoulders of adults may be placed most blame for any disbelief in Santa Claus. It is they who draw pictures of a ridiculously fat Saint Nicholas attempting to squeeze through a ridiculously lean chimney to deliver an infallible alarm clock. It is they who contend that the Cadillac car which stands in front of the house on Christmas morning was brought by Santa in the "pack upon his back," when all the world knows that the carrying of an automobile is a giant's task, and Santa is not that kind of a giant. At Sunday school parties the beneficent Saint Nicholas who passes candy about suspiciously resembles the superintendent (or sexton) with the added ponderosity of bed pillows. But in spite of everything; in spite of the "world, the flesh, or the devil," within Santa Claus is concentrated the joyousness of Christmas. He existed ages before old Scrooge dreamed his recreating dream, and he will exist as many ages thereafter, to wish "A Merry Christmas to Everybody!"

Illustrations by Constance Whittemore in The Little Library Edition of "A Visit from St. Nicholas"

THE Editors of *The Horn Book* wish to give expression on this page to their enthusiastic appreciation of book publishers. Whether your joy in books be that of scholar, collector, general reader, or bookseller, you obtain that joy thanks to the vision, faith, enthusiasm, and skill of Publishers, and we recommend to our readers the following pages written specially for this number of *The Horn Book.*

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